

TELESCOPE

APRIL
1962



How scientific is the science of Criminology? How far have the various schools progressed? How dependent are they on theory, and how far can that theory be tested? For an analysis of the question see **CRIMINOLOGY OR MYTHOLOGY?** — page four.

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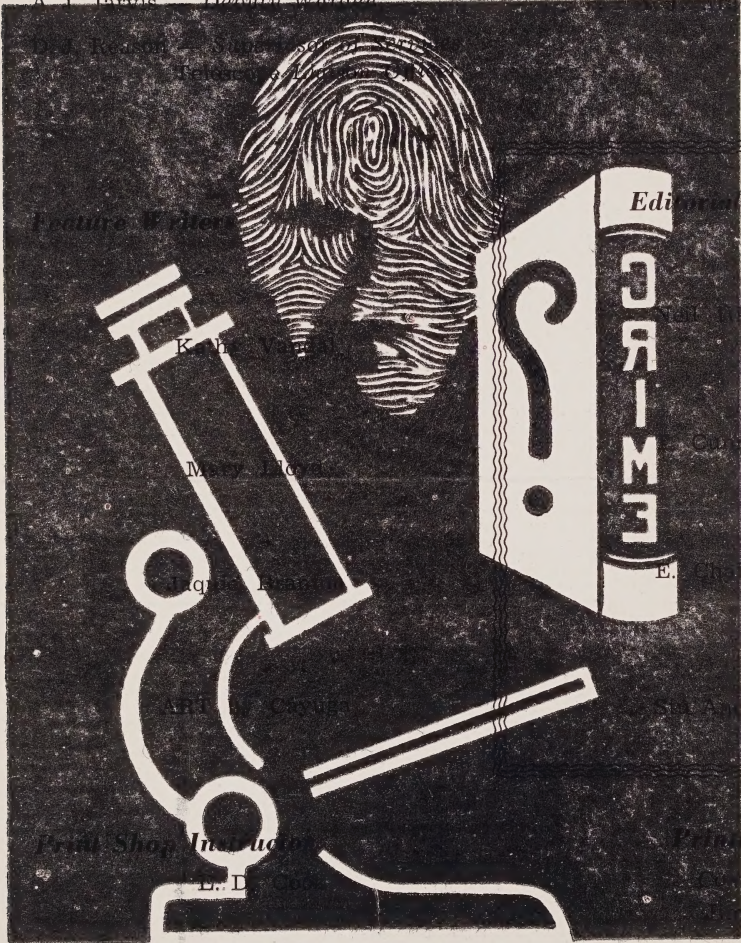
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Editorials

PAROLE FOR BLIND JAKE

Blind Jake is gone. At age sixty-nine, after twenty-nine years of penal servitude he has been released on parole under the sponsorship of Father J.G. Moyer of the Catholic Rehabilitation Service to live at the recently-built Providence Villa in Toronto.

Sentenced to life in 1933 for the murder of his unfaithful wife, Jake became a familiar figure here in Kingston maximum security penitentiary. For nearly three decades, white cane in hand, he shuffled and probed about the prison hospital cells.

He had fired a pistol bullet into his head in a suicide attempt before his arrest, succeeding only in severing an optic nerve and blinding himself permanently.

Since the advent of Canada's National Parole Board in 1959 several plans were laid to get Jake out, but one after another they fell through.

Then *Telescope* featured Jake's unusual human-interest story in last September's issue. *The Toronto Telegram*, *Maclean's Magazine* and other free-world publications picked it up. The word was that Jake would be out for Christmas; everyone was trying. Jake's friends read the items to him and congratulated him.

When Christmas came and Jake was called to the Warden's office he shouted goodbyes to all within earshot. But he was disillusioned again; he had been summoned to receive the Warden's good wishes and a Christmas gift — a braille wristwatch to tell time by.

On March 7th, however, Jake did make it out. He looked worried as they led him through the North Gate and he grew very emotional as he stepped into the waiting station wagon with Mr. Haines who represented the Catholic Rehabilitation Service — to be whisked away forever from the prison he has never seen.

CENSORSHIP

Is it becoming the province of Canadian courts to censor the appearance of its defendants? There have been cases in the recent past in which police magistrates have passed judgement, not only on the character of the accused but on his taste in clothing and his personal appearance in general.

A case in point is the time a man was ordered to go home and change into his 'Sunday' suit, then return to be tried. The rather flamboyant 'duck-tail' haircut affected by many teenagers, though in no way indicative of personal character, has come in for much judicial criticism too.

And not long ago there was the faux pas committed in a Toronto courtroom when the magistrate ordered a young lady to remove her false eyelashes. It turned out that her eyelashes, far from being false, were the ones nature had endowed her with.

It might be interesting if some overly sensitive defendant should someday object to his judge's toupee.

BUILDING BOOM

In the October issue of *Telescope* an article entitled 'A Broader Aspect' suggested: "Whether they know it or not, they (the penologists) are all faced with the necessity to adopt one of the only two alternatives available to organized society. They must either build more prisons on a boom basis or eliminate the need for them through a determinedly-enlightened approach to the whole dismal problem." (overcrowding).

According to an item in the *Whig Standard* in February, "Construction of new federal prisons is estimated to cost \$10,644,000 in the coming fiscal year, nearly double the \$5,523,120 in the current fiscal year."

In spite of enlightened penology, then, prisons are to be built 'on a boom basis.' That is how the problem is to be solved.

If the present trend continues there may, in another fifty years, be more federal prisons than insane asylums.

One might think of mental hospitals and prisons as bandages with which society confines and, therefore, conceals its suppurating sores so that it will not be reminded of them and so that (it hopes) they will not spread to infect other parts of the body social.

Shrouded in mystery deep and dark is the answer to the following question: How many years or decades or even centuries will it take for society to concentrate on keeping all of its parts sound and healthy so that the mussy bandages can be burned in the incinerator of the putrid past?

RIDE AN OLD HORSE

There is probably not an editor living or dead, professional or amateur, who has not at one time or another been faced with the problem of what to write about this time.

Penal press editors are no exception. There are times when fresh and interesting material is not readily available. Circumstances never shape themselves to the individual so the individual must adapt himself to circumstances. In the same way the editor must adapt himself to the material at hand, whatever it is. When there is nothing fresh to write about, he must look around for a new angle on an old theme. The old themes are there. The new angle often is not.

Tackling an old theme is somewhat like riding an old horse. The rider tries to go as far and fast as he can but the nag beneath him is incapable of producing anything startling in the way of results. As a consequence both horse and rider are apt to stumble, never quite managing to reach the goal for which they set out.

It is the same with the editor, or any writer for that matter, who looks around hopefully for something to say that will interest the reader only to discover that the only horses left in the stable are more than a little leg-weary.

Not to be daunted and realizing there is a deadline to be met, he saddles up and canters off with a firm hand on the reins, hoping that if he is thrown ignominiously before his journey is over, his readers will understand and show patience until he can get his hands on some prime horseflesh.

Criminology or Mythology?

Wally Johnston

People in general have about as many explanations of the cause or causes of crime as women have opinions on the subject of hats. And people in general choose their explanations of criminality in about the same way women choose their hats.

The reason there are so many diverse opinions to choose from on the subject of criminality is that a solution to the problem has been sought by people of different professions. There are, by title, about as many varieties of criminologists as there are varieties of criminals. Before these people become criminologists they are usually specialists in some other field, such as psychiatry, psychology, psychoanalysis, endocrinology, sociology, and so on. Each of these disciplines is still in the analytical phase of its development — the “taking apart” stage. The members of each profession have learned much, but have much more to learn. Yet each must interpret in terms of *what he knows*. If each still has more to learn in his own field than he already knows, we can easily see that the explanations he advances, based on his present

knowledge, will be inadequate, even in his own field.

Endocrinologists, for example, make a study of the endocrine glands and their function. Some endocrine glands are the thyroids, parathyroids, thalamus, pituitary, and adrenals. These glands convert chemicals into hormones, which are secreted into the system and regulate body functions, keep them in balance. On the basis of the knowledge they have acquired so far about the endocrine glands and their function, endocrinologists have estimated what the normal function of these glands should be, and have made this normal function a *constant*, a frame of reference, by which they measure glandular function in anyone they examine. Any function that does not agree with the constant is termed “abnormal.”

With respect to procedure, if he thinks a patient may be suffering from malfunction of the endocrine system, the endocrinologist can apply himself in the following way. He can look for the effects and symptoms which are the consequence of such malfunction. If he cannot locate relevant end effects

and symptoms, and still thinks the problem may be traceable to the endocrine system, he can, if feasible, examine the glands to determine if they are normal or abnormal in form. If the glands are normal in form, and the endocrinologist thinks they still may not be functioning properly because the patient's diet has lacked the necessary chemicals to permit normal glands to function normally, he can alter the patient's diet and observe if there is any change in the function of the endocrine system, which change would manifest itself in the patient. A lack of iodine in the patient's diet, for instance, might make it impossible for the thyroids to supply the system with sufficient thyroxin, and the endocrinologist could rectify this deficiency by changing the patient's diet.

The endocrinologist's concrete reference points are symptoms, end effects, form, and function. If he cannot discover abnormality in the patient by relevant symptoms or end effects, or abnormality in the form of the glands, or abnormality in the function of the endocrine system, he has no way at all of establishing a cause-effect relationship between the patient's ailment and any facet of the realm of endocrinology. He must conclude, therefore, that he is unable to explain the ailment by any of his procedures and assumptions.

When he becomes a criminologist, and attempts to explain the cause or causes of crime, the endocrinologist must continue to interpret in terms of *what he knows*, endocrinology. If he does not, his interpretations and explanations are of no more value than yours or mine. He must continue to use his own constant. If he suspects that criminality is caused by malfunction of the endocrine system, or that such malfunction in each criminal is at least a factor, he must find that factor in criminals. And since you cannot explain differences by similarities, he must also find that the endocrinologic factor is absent in non-criminals. If he does not establish these differences as

endocrinologist, he has found no factor which differentiates criminals and non-criminals. In this event, though he may continue to be an excellent endocrinologist, he can contribute nothing to the explanation of criminality, for in this field he has failed even to open the door that leads into the house of explanation. He has failed at the elementary level of classification.

The endocrinologist's problem as criminologist is even more complicated by the very nature of his recent discoveries. It has been established that the endocrine system interacts with the emotional center of the brain. Emotional stress can upset the normal function of the endocrine system. The only criminals the endocrinologist is able to examine are the ones who get caught. Since being caught creates much emotional stress, it could well be that any abnormal endocrine function found in captured criminals would be part of the effect of being captured, not the cause of criminality.

But the endocrinologist does not yet have to explain any differences he finds in criminals and non-criminals, for he has not yet found any. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next year, when he has learned much more in his own field, he may be able to find some factor that will enable him to distinguish criminals from non-criminals. Not today.

All people, phrenologists, physionomists, and the many others who have attempted to ground their explanations of criminality in some aspects of the criminal's physical form or function, have been subject to the same requirements as the endo-criminologists, and all of them have foundered on the rocks of classification. None has ever succeeded in separating criminals from non-criminals by physical form or function.

Psychiatrists, psychologists and psychoanalysts, whose emphasis is on the mind, its nature and function, face more difficult problems in their own fields than does the endocrinologist in his. The endocrinologist works with concrete objects — visible systems and

end effects, visible glands, and measurable chemical processes. He can initiate chemical processes and trace them through from postulated cause to effect. He has a known quantitative constant. And his cause, process and effect can be observed in present time. When psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychoanalysts are dealing with psychological maladjustments, mental problems, inadequate response patterns, any of which may be the present effect, they are not dealing with objects that can be examined by the senses. And the postulated causes are in the past, beyond the range of present experiment. So with the postulated functional processes that unite cause and present effects.

How can these people, when they have to, get along without any physical evidence of cause, functional process, and no external or visible effect? Let us consider the matter from the standpoint of the psychoanalyst. His only starting reference point in the concrete world is the individual who is or thinks he is suffering from some type of psychological maladjustment. Either he goes of his own accord or is sent to see the analyst. By questioning the patient at length, or just permitting him to talk freely, the analyst may conclude that the patient is actually suffering from some form of psychological maladjustment. Having determined this point to the best of his ability, he now must advance an opinion as to the nature of the problem, its cause, and the functional process that produced the problem. How does he do this?

The analyst has never been able to observe a maladjustment as such, as an object. He has never been able to observe a cause — process-effect relationship. But he rightly assumes, in line with our beliefs about cause-effect relationships on the human scale of observation, that the effect he has discovered in the patient is the tail end of a process which had an initial cause. Therefore, beginning with his definition of the nature of the effect, the analyst makes use of a logical con-

struct that will permit him to reason back to a postulated cause, or to reason forward in a strictly logical sense from postulated cause, through process, to effect.

It must ever be borne in mind that the psychoanalyst's effect is a description advanced with the aid of the patient, that his postulated cause is never the observed front end of an observed psychological or physiological process, but only the *logical* front end of the psychoanalyst's mental construct. Granting that the description of the effect is adequate, the supposed cause may bear no physical relationship at all to the effect. In fact, the supposed cause and the supposed process stemming from it, may never have existed at all. But if the postulated cause, process-effect is logical, then it *could* exist physically. What the psychoanalyst works with, then, is not the aspects of observed reality, but with formulae that describe what *could be* real.

Beginning with his definition of the effect, the psychoanalyst reasons back within the framework of his construct to whatever cause has been postulated to explain the given type of maladjustment. If he is of the Freudian school he will conclude that the grounds of the present effect were laid in the patient's childhood. The analyst knows that in childhood one goes through various phases of development, and that during these phases the child is subjected to various restraints and exposed to other experiences which could well shape his response patterns in a particular way and invest his developing mind with attitudes, anxieties, hostilities and complexes.

Since the motor system learns and "remembers" most of our habits at an early age, and stores the record of this learning beneath the level of our conscious awareness, the analyst reasons that it is probable that the developing mind also learns and stores memories — attitudes, complexes, hostilities — which are in later life below the level of our conscious awareness. From this

continued on page 34

NAMES & GAMES

T. Storey

Recently Pierre Burton of *The Toronto Daily Star* conducted a "Fascinating Names Contest." To be sure, he unearthed some very fascinating names. Two of the more glorious handles were Asger Ditley Dam and The-anderblast Mishgedeigle Sump Jr.

Inspired by Mr. Burton's success in his undertaking, the editors of *Tele-scope* asked if I would conduct a names contest for them. The original idea was that I use the old records file as a reference and purloin the more interesting names for my contest. While searching through the old records, however, I made a great scientific discovery and abandoned the contest idea altogether.

Time after time I found an unusual name to be descriptive of its owner's offense.

Now, it is a proven fact that odd and disfigured faces can motivate crime. But often when men break the law because of physical ugliness, they can be reformed through plastic surgery. It is reasonable to assume, then, that the same might apply to men with unwieldy and suggestive names.

To some men, a name might suggest a game. The best way to save them before they commit an offense, therefore, or reclaim them after they have committed one, is to change their names. A little court-room surgery, unburdening them of a few syllables, would surely gain society more first-class citizens.

In the interest of science I offer here a few examples of my Name-And-Game theory so that the reader may decide on its merits.

Aims Ballblast
Waldo Seymore
Fillian Bagwell
Virgil Shamely Youngblood.....
Vincent Proudfoot
Samuel Hungrier
Armstrong Clobberman
Robert Vagrant
Thurwell Hoaks
Paul Petty

Attempted Murder
Watching & Besetting
Shoplifting
Carnal Knowledge
Horse Theft
Chicken Theft
Assault
No Visible Means Of Support
Fraud
Theft Under Fifty Dollars

It is my theory that these men were powerless to do anything but follow the dictates of their names. They could have been saved by name-surgery, but science was not as advanced then as it is now. Of course, our courts make name-changing a little difficult once one has acquired a criminal record. If judges could be made to see that name-changing is in the interest of reformation, they would be certain to lend their support.

The only champion my theory has at the moment is my Mother's psy-

chologist, Willbey A. Faker. He is able to do little alone, however. There just isn't enough interest in my theory. It would appear one has to be afflicted to understand. Of course, I am not. My interest is purely scientific. I am not guilty of the offence for which I was sent here and I am awaiting release pending appeal. Even if I were guilty, my crime, if you choose to call it that, is perjury. Now anyone can see that my name, Truman Storey, is in no way connected with the charge of.....

Missionary work, like charity, can begin at home, as shown by the Sancta Maria House in Vancouver. As you read this, loose women are being salvaged — saved from the folly of continuing their carefree lives of sordid pleasure on Skid Row.

The following report appeared first in The Vancouver Sun, under the by-line of Kathy Hassard. It is reprinted by special permission.

Escape From



During the past year more than 60 girls from skidrow hotels, from prisons and from the streets have found sanctuary in a small frame house on West Fifth Avenue.

This is Sancta Maria House, established and operated by the Legion of Mary — and the girls don't actually "find" refuge there. They are found by the Legionaries.

Each evening a couple of these intrepid Catholic women (stenographers, homemakers, teachers, nurses) sally forth to the beer parlors, bedrooms and corners of the city's most sordid areas.

ALL WELCOME

Any girl or women — Indian or white, alcoholic or sick — who wants help is taken back to the quiet, clean and strangely peaceful little hostel.

Skid Row

Kathy Hansard

For seven years members of the Madonna Della Strada (Our Lady of the Street) and Sancta Maria Praesidium have made these girls their special concern.

They have cared for them as far as they were able but they dreamed of the day when they would have a home — a refuge for the girls.

Then in 1959 three girls died violent, sordid deaths on skidrow. The Legionaries knew that they could wait no longer.

They were given the approval and support of Archbishop W.M. Duke and then rolled up their sleeves — literally. Funds were practically nonexistent, but faith was in abundance.

RANSACKED ATTICS

They found and rented a small house on Fifth Avenue. They scrubbed, polished and painted. They ransacked their own attics and the attics of their friends. Within two weeks they had curtains on the windows and each room was cosily complete. Then they tackled the exterior. It was still a grimy grey.

One businessman donated paint, another lent brushes and ladder and again the women went to work — as high as they dared to go. Then an unemployed painter came to the rescue and finished the job. Wouldn't even accept carfare, only his lunch.

Eight beds were made up, the larder was filled and voluntary house-mother Miss Mary Sawyer moved in.

"We were in business," sighed Mrs. P.P. Ards, Sancta Maria secretary-treasurer.

Sitting before the fireplace in the snug sitting room with Mrs. Ards, Mrs. A.M. Mackay, who appears to be worrier-in-chief for finances, and Reverend Thomas Corcoran, chaplain of Oakalla Prison, who doubles as spiritual director and tower of strength for the busy Legionaries, we heard about the task that 10 or 20 women have undertaken.

VOLUNTEER STAFF

"Everything is done and the house is staffed on a volunteer basis 24 hours a day," explained Mrs. Ards.

Legionaries double as housemother since the beloved Miss Sawyer left to consider becoming a Carmelite nun.

"That was a sad day," recalls Mrs. Mackay. "Two of the girls cried all day and another one took off."

This "taking off" is an unhappy but not unexpected happening in the house.

"Sometimes a girl just isn't strong enough to stay. The pull is too strong," said Mrs. Mackay.

"But there are no hopeless girls," said Mrs. Ard firmly. "If one takes off from here for skidrow we just take off after her and bring her back — if she wants to come," she added. "And most of them want to come. One of the most troubled girls said to me, 'If I fall down a thousand times I'm going to get up a thousand and one.'"

"Guests" at Sancta Maria House share a normal family routine. The girls are allowed to go out alone three afternoons each week. Domestic duties fill the morning and in the evenings they have radio, TV and various handicraft projects if they wish. Their visits vary from one night to several months and if they pay they are charged a dollar a night.

"This is for their pride," said Father Corcoran. "If they can't pay it doesn't matter and we like to keep them with us as long as they will stay — as long as they need us."

The little room with its pictures painted by one of the girls, its red and white artificial roses made by another, seemed undisturbed by any problems but the Legionaries are plagued by two.

NEED FUNDS

"We need funds," said Mrs. Ards.

"And we need more cooperation from the community to find jobs for our girls. When they leave us they must have jobs or they get back into their old ways," said Father Corcoran.

The following article was written by invitation for Obiter Dicta, the Osgoode Hall Law School publication, in which it appeared last month. It was written with an eye to pointing out fallacies, anomalies and cross purposes of the law machine that seem so apparent from this side of the wall but which are overlooked or under appreciated by the society beyond.

PRODUCTS

of the

CRIMINAL

LAW

Neil Hicks

Canada's Law Machine is a wondrously convoluted mechanism but its product would bear closer examination.

Law makers, enforcers, interpreters and arbiters have proven very efficient in filling our prisons beyond capacity. But they have not learned sufficiently the effects of prison. They are concerned, understandably, each in the specialization of his own particular area in the field of law, letting the rest of the machine look after itself and caring little for the quality of the product.

Law makers have piled law upon law on the books as convenience demanded through the years (though seldom rescinding one) and with each new law what was before a freedom became a crime. Clear-cut crime definitions like murder and theft are learned in childhood, understood and remembered. But in areas like gambling, liquor, sex and business finance not many people know where they stand, and most, at one time or another, are criminals by definition. Our legal structure has become so ponderous that, obviously, all who commit criminal offences cannot be arrested and imprisoned. For who would be left to guard them?

Fortunately for most concerned, however, it is tacitly understood that the law enforcers pick their spots discreetly, concentrating on those elements of society that injure society most and that society can well do without. Law enforcers think twice before arresting a solid citizen. When they do, that citizen can generally find the necessary financial support and good will to avail himself of legal safeguards through a talented law interpreter. And should the case go against him there are still the wide discretionary powers of the law arbiter, who 'understands' him because he can readily identify with him.

"Why should this man be harshly dealt with?" the judge may ask himself. "He is a productive member of the community with a family and roots and reputation. He has already suffered a great deal because of this slip he made. I'll give him a break."

His Honor is justified in the light of justice as we know it, of course. For justice is a relative thing, as we know it, to be used for the practical benefit

of the community — and the country. That all men are equal before the law is a comforting platitude. But the blindest among us know that some men are more equal than others. It is the un-solid citizen — the ne'er-do-well, the weakest and least able to defend himself — who feels the full weight of the law.

Law makers have made ever stiffer penalties for the un-solid citizen of Canada. Canadian prison sentences now stand highest in all the world except the U.S.A.

The un-solid citizen is the fairest of all game for the law enforcers and they pursue him relentlessly. He is well interpreted *against* by the prosecution (at state expense) but seldom adequately interpreted *for*, if at all, by an attorney for the defence. It is of him the law arbiter makes the example for the purpose of deterring others — to frighten *other* people into obeying the law.

Often sentencing begins in youth, even childhood. A label is affixed, so to speak, and a boy is imprisoned for social convenience to become as a result — 8 times out of 10 if statistics hold — a repeater. For 80% of Canada's penitentiary inmates are repeaters and most got their start in training schools and reformatories.

England stopped a similar trend several years ago by requiring that magistrates and judges sentence a man to prison only as a last resort, and never simply as a matter of course or justice or to deter others. The result is that today, despite a 60 million population, England has roughly $\frac{1}{3}$ the prison population Canada has. They are actually closing prisons while we build more.

"They don't die in prison," A. M. Kirkpatrick, Executive Director of the Ontario John Howard Society, points out in an effort to draw the public's attention to the need for rehabilitative aftercare. More than 95% of Canada's prisoners will one day be back in the

community. Of those, 90%, because they were not deemed good risks for parole (1961 figures) will come out as free agents — without supervision but with bitterness increased and self-reliance weakened — and be expected to compete adequately on the labor market.

From society's standpoint (and perhaps from the offender's too) to pluck an offending member out of the social context is not enough if he is to be returned later in the same or a worse condition. It would be better to banish him forever or execute him. But we are too civilized for that, we say, meanwhile continuing to inflict prison and its effects which, indirectly, predestine men to serve life sentences on the instalment plan.

Joe grew up within a few blocks of the 'corner.' Some of his buddies went to training school and later to jail, but not Joe. He thought he kept out because he was smart, but he was only lucky for a while. When he did fall he came straight to the penitentiary and, contrary to the magistrate's intentions, he was rather pleased that he hadn't been first to a reformatory like the other kids. He had made the Big House!

He came in like a hero, frightened perhaps but not showing it. Several of his buddies were on hand to welcome him with tobacco, magazines, a lighter. "Get in our shop, Joe." — "Ask for a change to our cellblock." — "This joint ain't so tough if you're a hard-rock." And Joe was a hard-rock.

Penitentiary is an occupational hazard for hard-luck guys, according to the Joes. Although they are never free very long between sentences they *know* that *their* luck will improve. Generally not until they pass the age of forty will they admit defeat.

Joe straightened out by himself ultimately but it cost him his youth — about twenty years of penal servitude — and it cost the taxpayers many thousands in misplaced attempts at rehabilitation through imprisonment.

Bill's case and background were quite different but the results of the effects of prison on him were much the same. He came from a 'good' middleclass family, had been a good student and was well adjusted. By classification he fell into the category of Accidental Criminal — and really should not have become a professional.

He found himself in a foreign world in prison and, although feeling the necessity to adapt to it, he had much difficulty understanding the strange values of the prison culture. Slowly though he did adapt and perhaps too well. For as he reconciled with the values around him he accepted them as his own, and in the process cancelled out the ones he had been reared to. Consequently he retained after release the new identification he had come to feel. A sense of shame prevented him from going back to his family and the friends he had known, so he gravitated to Skid Row. There he found buddies and joined them in crime.

And so it was that Bill, an accidental criminal, became a repeater. It was in him to strive for success and since the circumstances dictated that he choose crime as a calling he has spent fifteen years in and out of prison attempting to prove that crime does indeed pay. He will likely continue until he reaches that arbitrary stage of maturation that takes the cutting edge off a man's psyche and mellows his philosophy to truer perspective in relation to the world about him.

Harry, like Bill, was an accidental criminal, but more fortunate. Although he adapted to prison society more easily than Bill had, he managed to compartmentalize the new values he learned, while keeping his free-world values intact for the day he re-entered free-world society. He grew cynical and cautious as his absolutes crumbled into relatives and his ideals went hollow as he learned the 'facts of life.' But he kept sight of the fact that ideals have a practical place in the world where most people subscribe to them.

Harry will not repeat. He was fortunate enough to have whatever intangible it is that makes one man more adaptable than another to a new set of situations, then readaptable to the former set without being spoiled in the process. Harry had it; Bill didn't

With Joe, of course, there can be no comparison. For Joe had only to adapt his living habits to prison. His thinking was already in line. Any change he underwent was simply by way of anti-social confirmation.

These are effects of prison which no one at the controls intended. They are effects that are not complete and all-inclusive but they are generally true and statistics will bear them out. They are effects that must continue to be translated into degradation as long as society continues to cling to Grandfather's concepts of justice and punishment.

Recommendations and resolutions have frequently been made to look into rather than simply at the Canadian criminal offender, and penology has made advances where possible. It is in the position, however, of a farmer trying to hitch wild horses to a partly-assembled wagon, the wheels of which the factory hasn't sent him yet. He isn't likely to be going anywhere until he gets his machinery together.

Our law machine will perhaps someday be geared to the general welfare of the country on a realistically long-range scale in criminal matters. Law makers will think in other terms than Acts and penalties to solve social problems that arise from the complexities of modern living. Law enforcers will find their 'image' much improved when they begin to guide and help, rather 'fight' and 'wage war against' to 'stamp out' the criminal offender. The law interpreters will take more trouble to save than to condemn the accused, and the law arbiters will see that humanistic values are more practically important to the welfare of society than an unmeasurable, abstract justice.

Public Images

B. W. Sludgebottom III

In Montreal recently a psychiatrist addressing some of his fellows at a convention expressed concern about the public image of the psychiatrist. "Our image is all wrong," he said. "The public thinks we're like the psychiatrists of the cartoons...yakking with somebody on a couch and like nobody normal."

Not long ago a high police authority raised a similar complaint about the public image of the policeman. He thought it deplorable that so many people had a bad image of the policeman, and consequently held him in low esteem.

Well, now. While I must agree that the public images of the policeman and the psychiatrist have not been as good in recent years as they were in days of yore, I must also insist that their public images are much less tarnished than is the public image of the prisoner. Furthermore, it behooves me to point out that policemen and psychiatrists have contributed greatly to our blemishment, the former by asserting that we are bad and the latter by suggesting that we are nuts.

Policemen and psychiatrists have had it much better than we have with res-

pect to public images. Did you ever see a picture or illustration of a policeman or a psychiatrist talking out of the side of his mouth, or wearing a turtle-neck sweater and looking like the first half of a razor-blade commercial? (Turtle-neck sweater, indeed. I've worn a V-neck all my life!)

Some of our social scientists have been trying to improve our public image in various ways: by informing the public that prisoners are people, that we should be called "inmates" rather than "convicts", and so on. (The next step will be to persuade magistrates and judges to "inmatize" us in the first place rather than convict us. While the courts continue to convict us it will be difficult for the public to remember that we are not convicts.)

But in spite of the social workers' good deeds on our behalf, we are still so far down the public-image ladder that if anyone near the top were to holler "Who's that down there?" we wouldn't hear a thing. What we need is a full-time press agent constantly to remind the public that we are, as one of our members expressed it, "just ordinary chaps, with an elbow in the middle of each arm and only one upper lip."

Firemen and policemen rescue cats from trees; Boy Scouts escort old ladies across the street, and politicians kiss babies and shake hands. All of these people have their pictures taken while doing these things, and many of these pictures reach the Press, which is very good for the public images of these groups. We must do something like that. Naturally, our press agent would not be able to get us cut in on any of the above acts. But he could, say, have us depicted shaking hands with visiting magistrates and judges — even crown attorneys.

Only in this way will we ever get across to the public the (to us) obvious truth that, while many of the best things in life are free, many of the best people are not.

The Madness of Mr. Winkle

E. E. Chalmers

Had Mr. Winkle stepped out of Bertram's a couple of minutes sooner he would not have seen it and, consequently, the madness would not have come upon him. But, fate decreeing otherwise, he saw the whole thing from beginning to end to become the victim eventually of a cause and its peculiar effect.

It happened just as Mr. Winkle stepped onto the sidewalk from Bertram's, well-fortified by Bertram's Business Man's Lunch. The young man appeared across the way, his white-shirted back to the street, his body bent in a tense bow. There was a nickel-plated revolver in his right hand and pointing into the dim interior of the Royal Canadian Bank of Commerce Building, from whence he was emerging, backwards, and very very cautiously.

Before Mr. Winkle could do more than mark the curious attitude of the young man there was a loud crack! and splinters of brick flew from the bank's wall, just above the plate-glass doors. At that point things happened so rapidly that later Mr. Winkle felt some difficulty in sorting it all out in his mind. The young man spun out of the bank holding his revolver alongside his hip and snapping a shot, north, along the street.

Mr. Winkle had a vague impression of people dodging into doorways and scrambling behind parked cars, and, al-

though he himself felt a natural impulse to seek safety in the cool cave of Bertram's Restaurant, he just stood there craning his thin neck up along the street, wanting to know where the first shot had come from. Then he saw. He saw the police cruiser nosed into the curb with its roof light flashing an angry amber and two officers crouched behind the hood, service revolvers levelled at the young man.

But the young man, having squeezed off an answer to their challenge, failed to remain an easy target but flung himself behind a pick-up truck, triggered a series of shots in the general direction of the cruiser, then streaked across the road, diving under another parked vehicle right before Mr. Winkle's startled eyes.

The pair of policemen, who had ducked prudently when their quarry had covered his retreat with several shots in quick succession, were now moving along behind a row of cars in an attempt to reach a point opposite the young man. They finally succeeded. But by that time the young man was not under the car directly in front of Mr. Winkle. The young man, Mr. Winkle had observed, had lingered in his temporary shelter only long enough to stuff some loose cartridges from his pants pocket into his revolver. Then he had rolled onto the sidewalk, glanced at Mr. Winkle, not three feet away, had grinned a reckless grin and had sprinted down the sidewalk, heading south like an athlete out to break a college track record.

By that time there were several police cars in evidence, some containing uniformed officers, others filled with plainclothesmen. They had pulled up at random, blocking traffic in two directions while their occupants conferred with the officers who had been first on the scene.

They did not confer long, however, but quickly broke up, some getting into their cars and racing off with a squealing of rubber and a caterwauling of

sirens, others fanning out on both sides of the street and running along, guns drawn, looks of dark determination fixed on their faces.

Mr. Winkle stood where he was for a long time after things had returned to normal. He seemed unable to move. The whole thing, he thought to himself, had been fantastic, like something out of a paperback thriller. And yet — he felt something shaping in his mind but pushed it down, almost angrily.

Something had begun to shape itself in his consciousness, something frightening. And, although he forced it down and down, it stirred and took shape again that evening as he read the headlines in the night edition.

YOUNG BANDIT PULLS OFF DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY, shouted the banner in letters two inches high. The account of the robbery had followed. The young man (described as unusually goodlooking by the eighteen-year-old teller, Miss Viola Eager) had simply stepped up to her cage and smiled (such a pleasant smile, Miss Eager recalled) and had said: "Sorry to inconvenience you, honey. But this is a stick-up. And," he had added, lifting his right hand to the level of the counter, "this is a gun."

Mr. Winkle read on, deeply interested, more interested than he would have cared to admit, even to himself. He read how the co-operative Miss Eager had pushed money, fifteen thousand dollars worth of it, at the young man with the smile and the nickel-plated revolver; how the young man had then stuffed the money into his shirt and his pockets, had smote Miss Eager with another dazzling smile and had then walked away only to be spotted by the manager just as he reached the door. Mr. Winkle went on to read how the young man had waved his revolver at the manager, almost negligently, and how the manager, Mr. Allison Lightfoot, had stopped in his tracks. "After all," Mr. Lightfoot was quoted as saying in an interview with the press, "when he waved that thing

at me I knew right away he was a killer. It would," Mr. Lightfoot had assured the press, "have been absolute suicide not to have co-operated."

The police, the account went on, were expecting an early arrest. There followed a series of interviews with bank employees and miscellaneous witnesses: "I tell you he was as cool as a cucumber"... "Undoubtedly a professional gunman"... "An ex-soldier, I'd say, the way he covered his retreat so methodically...."

And the shape formed in Mr. Winkle's mind. It grew and formed and stood up in all its terrible completeness. Forty years old, thought Mr. Winkle. Forty years old and a nothing. He, Wallace Wakefield Winkle, a man of undoubted parts, a man of sensitivity, of culture, of (if he did say so himself) uncommon intellect — nothing but a third-rate accountant in a third-rate firm. Ever since he could recall he had been shunted to one side, his talent in his open hands offered humbly but eagerly and ignored for the spurious abilities of lesser men. Ever since he could recall Mr. Winkle had been set aside casually to make room for the pushers, the glib-tongued men with 'front' and little else to recommend them.

"*You have been foully dealt with,*" said the shape in his mind. "*You have been sold out all along the line,*" the shape told him with a large tear in its right eye. And Mr. Winkle nodded. "Yes," he whispered brokenly. "Yes."

Mr. Winkle took out his fountain pen and wrote his name several times on the telephone pad at his elbow. He wrote it with a flourish in ever larger and larger letters. 'Wallace Wakefield Winkle' he wrote over and over again. It was, he decided, a fine name. A distinguished name. A name to start a spirit as well as Caesar's. A name that would look well in large, bold type.

Mr. Winkle did not go to work the next morning. Instead he opened the bottom drawer of his bureau, lifted out some shirts and found the old luger

he had bought from a drunken army sergeant in a beverage room away back in nineteen forty-six. The luger had no firing pin but nobody knew that. Nobody knew he had a gun. He had bought the thing impulsively, thinking it would make a novel paper-weight. Now he stared at it for a moment, noting its wicked sheen. Then, with a noticeable tightening of his jaw muscles, he dropped it into the pocket of his light top-coat.

There were two banks in the same block and he passed them several times undecided as to which of them should be the instrument of his pending notoriety. He stood on the corner teetering on his heels and seeing in his mind's eye the headlines: DARING DAY-LIGHT HOLD-UP. And the subheadline: 'Cool Crook Captures Cash!' Mr. Winkle smiled a little smile, felt the weight tugging at the right side of his coat, drew in a large breath, let it out and walked slowly to the first bank.

He looked inside. There was, he discovered, a minimum of activity. There were three customers lined up before the only cage in operation. A girl stood at the head of the line tendering her bankbook to a little red-headed teller, a young lady with brisk, decisive movements. An old man in overalls stood next in line and behind him was a stout lady with a net shopping bag and a huge, battered, black purse.

Unobtrusively, Mr. Winkle took up his stand behind the stout lady. When the girl at the front of the line completed her business, leaving her place at the cage to the old man, Mr. Winkle shuffled forward behind the stout woman, coughing with his hand to his mouth.

He spent the time waiting by summoning up images of the young man who was his direct inspiration and who had pulled the thing off with such insolent efficiency, slithering and leaping

and answering, shot for shot, the fire of the uniformed police officers.

The old man in overalls turned away from the teller's cage with a heavy grunt and the fat lady dug clumsily into the depths of her ancient purse.

Mr. Winkle continued to concentrate on the young man, seeing his grin and remembering his fluid sprint down the street, the efficacy with which he had lost himself in the crowds of shoppers.

"Yes, sir?"

Mr. Winkle started, blinked and became aware of the young lady with the red hair smiling at him through the bars of the cage. And even as he looked at her, even as he felt in his pocket for the butt of the luger, he saw in his mind again the young man backing out of the Bank of Commerce Building. Only it wasn't the same as before. Try as he would, Mr. Winkle could not make it come out the way it ought to.

The sharp crack! was the same but the young man's behaviour was not. He spun around at the shot, clutching at his side. He did not grin. He snarled instead, lifting the muzzle of his nickel-plated revolver. But before he could pull the trigger there was a second shot and one leg was instantly cut out from under him so that he fell awkwardly, the revolver clattering to the pavement where it glinted impotently in the sunshine. The young man rolled and rolled digging his fingers into his side. Rolled and twisted and dug at his side.

"Yes, sir?" repeated the young lady with the red hair. She looked at him curiously.

Mr. Winkle coughed. "This is," he said, curling his fingers around the cold butt of the secret luger, "rather — awkward. I'm afraid," he said, "that I've left my cheque at the office."

Then, pale and trembling, he turned and hurried out of the bank while the young lady with the red hair frowned after him in a puzzled way.

Sascha Charles

Jacquie Branton

There is a male running loose in the Prison for Women. But don't panic, People — it's only Sascha Charles, our cat.

As so often happens in the case of an animal in an institution, dissociation from other animals has led Charlie (that's his nickname) into thinking he is human. The fantasy has been heightened by the adoration heaped upon him by his numerous mistresses. He lives in the new building. Although his sister, Ambrose (don't laugh, we just found out), lives in the old, Charlie seems to have no inkling that there could possibly be another animal within fifty miles.

He finds time to sleep during the day while attending school, yet manages to get into everything that everyone is doing, from typing to taking coffee breaks. When he becomes tired of an academic existence he takes to the stage like Douglas Fairbanks, climbing the stage curtains to the top. Invariably someone has to rescue him. Perhaps he knows he will be rescued and that is why he gets himself into so many ticklish situations. But then he is a kitten.

Every afternoon Charlie is taken down to the Laundry where one of our fresh-air-fiend washerwomen takes him out for a stroll. He is still timid about outside weather but that is the only thing he is timid about. Whether it be his association to blame I do not know, but Charlie is turning out to be a very crafty tea leaf. And larcenous!



"Charlie stole the sock I was knitting."

"Oh, my gold fish!"

Charlie's fur suggests that he may have some Persian in him but there are those who maintain he is of that new breed of cat known as *confused*. He is a mite overburdened with affection, as you can imagine. About fifty women (for small) are completely captivated by him and are continually competing for his attentions. Fifty girl friends, you have to admit, is a fair average in any man's language.

Not long ago, one of the few non cat-lovers in our midst was overheard muttering something about that "blankety-blank cat." The rumor that she was missing at the next count is entirely unfounded, but we do have a cat that is guarded constantly.

Well, Charles has just decided that he wishes to make his regular afternoon rounds, so I'll put my typewriter away and join him. He has trouble opening doors.

PINKY

Stewy Anderson

Pinky is a composite character. He will *star* in the sagas to follow, in which he tells tales to a select group around him — guys like *Briefcase*, *Black Bart*, *One-Eye Kelly*, etc.

J. P. McAlias has been called many things by many people and has been officially numbered many times. This repetition and variety confuses some persons who often do not know what to call him from one day to the next. Those who know him best, however, invariably call him *Pinky*. It is an acceptable, a printable, and (for those who have served several terms with him) a descriptive nickname.

There are no neon-light qualities or attractions visible in Pinky's external make-up; no better word than *average* to describe any part, or all, of his physical appearance. It is perhaps barely worth mentioning that the experience of forty or so hard winters have put igloos in his blue eyes and patches of snow above his ears. That, of course, does not make him a standout or unique. Pinky, in fact, is nearly always so much of a Roman in Rome that his actions, his expressed opinions and his general conduct are, on the surface, just average.

To his restricted public he purposely presents such a nondescript and quiet facade that in an environment where the normal is quite abnormal, many

people believe Pinky's bag of marbles may be slightly mixed. Only when he is among his few selected friends do Pinky's real talents become apparent. It is then that what he calls his "gift of garrulity" reveals the born storyteller, the actor, the artist. A story is never told by him unless hands, body, face, voice and wit are all used in what amounts to a full scale, epic production. At all other times Pinky could get lost in any small non-conversational crowd.

He is, incidentally, merely another poor Cabbage-Towner who has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. It follows, naturally, that regardless of the ice in his eyes and the frost in his beard, he has an unweathered spirit and a big open heart as youthful and as modern as the twist.

Pinky's brain, originally quite adequate and active, has been pounded and shaped in the country's most select schools of hard knocks. Though without the polish of much so-called formal education, his wits are now buffed, honed and strapped to a blue-blade edge. Curiosity has spurred his years of voracious reading. These same years, spent in close confinement with some of the greatest odd-balls, thugs and hoodlums of all nationalities, has given him an international viewpoint and has tempered and crystallized his personality.

"I have read about split personalities," he says, "and about how a guy takes on some of the traits of the people he's with. Well...I've been locked in with so many real Jim Dandys that I honestly think my own personality is not only split — it's shattered!"

He is one of the few who offers no apologies for his many falls from grace. The physical, mental, moral and penal factors are sneered at when someone forwards them as possible causes for his being in prison. He lays a light claim to but one cause — the financial — for his arrested progress around the continent. The nearest he comes to

complaining is when he puts his tongue through the gap in his molars and replies to the curious or the uninitiated about how he first fell foul.

"I was born near the banks of the Don River," he explains, "and I spent a lot of time there from then on in. Banks, and the Don, have been my downfall... As a Cabbage-Town kid it seemed that everytime I took my eyes off my shoelaces and looked up to see if the sun was shining, either a policeman's badge or his flashlight was blinding me. And always behind him, overshadowing the East End, was 'the house on the hill' — the Don.

"Of course that's nowhere near the whole story. (It may not even be the true story.) Other East End brats saw things differently and turned out differently. But for me, and for many like me, the ever-present atmosphere of cops and robbers and the lure of fast girls and gelt... Well, say, they have a legal word for it over in the States that somehow fits the situation. They call it 'entrapment' and that's just about what it amounts to...."

'East End' and 'Cabbage-Town' mean the same thing to Pinky. It is an area hugged on the West by Jarvis Street and confined on the East by the Don. Having lived most of his free life in that area, he knows everything of note there. He knows who knows who, what goes, and why. He has lived among respectable people but considers life to be more simply honest among the thieves, the dopey boys, the girls, etc. Perhaps these people know a little too much about him and he about each of them, but nobody loses any sleep over that.

A friend of his, theorizing aloud about this dangerous knowledge, spewed up this puzzling observation.

"If the shamus or some investigating commissars could somehow dunk Pinky and brainwash him, why, the Cabbage-Town pile would become overnight like the Deserted Village, like a place that's become critical... Either that, or the half of the police force not directly im-

plicated would quit, because of too much work or a recurrence of mass insanity."

But to record and outline only the ordinary and so present Pinky as being merely a peculiar kind of jail-house joker would be a misrepresentation and a grievous injustice. The essential part of his character, the nub of his nature, would then remain unrevealed. It is not his ribald jokes, his riotous anecdotes, or the fractured English of his conversation that makes him worthy of special note. It is, rather, his human grasp of the realities — a sort of Bobby Burns insight and outlook — that is his truly great accomplishment.

The cynicism in his nature he holds to be an asset and a virtue. The sardonic sense of humour that he has acquired and retained over the years he also cherishes. Yet most of the realities he has faced and is facing contain no trace of simple gaiety or laughter. The pervasive aura of tragedy that has seeped into the lives of all his companions, their inherent griefs that vary from caustic agonies to mild soft sadnesses — these fall equally and constantly on his empathic sensitivity.

There is an unspoken understanding between Pinky and his friends. The basic code by which he lives, and all the longing, nostalgia, loneliness (things seldom mentioned in their conversations), so many things he has in common with them. When, for example, the diesel whoops by at two A.M., there is no cynicism in his long deep thoughts.

But Pinky's laughter is honest — and starkly so when he laughs at himself. He has not fallen into a pattern created by his image — he has created an image and fallen into a pattern. *He* thinks there is a world of difference between those two identities....

In a prison environment, Pinky is an unpoetic Hamlet on a high-wire; a philosophic Pagliaccio who more than believes in the simple creed that, "No man is an island...."

And that, in his better parts, is Pinky.

URBAN NIGHTS

Nights, endless, blurring,
Neon humming softly,
Patches of humanity drifting:
Seeking ever a haven —
Womb-like, regression ever
Present; status seekers
Clawing, climbing.
Lovers,
Medusa-like entwined on
Balconies, silhouetted black
Against the endless blurring night.

J. B.

TO STAN

My thoughts touch yours and a river of strength
Flows over my mind and heart.
Irresistable power entices my soul
'Till the strains of a love song start.
The musical waves are as wild as the wind
And the notes are as crystal as glass
That pierces the depths of the melody's source
And stab through my soul as they pass.
The music's vast columns surrounding the shore
Where the wind strums the deep longing song
To a thought filled mind and a sensitive soul
Which only one love can bind.
My thoughts touch yours and a moment of bliss
Covers all that is mortal in me
And I dream the dream that I always have
Of the river that winds to the sea.
The waves kiss the shore with a tender embrace
Then they leave, disappearing from view.
I awake from the dream but to realize
That I was the waves, kissing you.
My thoughts touch yours and my heart gains wings
That fly to your open arms;
And the warmth of your love is my river of strength
That instinct consistently charms.
My thoughts touch yours and the music fades
Just as swiftly as it began
And in its place, stands reality
The depths of my love
For a man.

M. L.

F
O
U
R

WHERE LAY MY LOVE

A god-bewitched and lonely one
Like lost Ulysses I have sailed,
Sought Ithaca beneath the sun
And sought her as the cold stars paled.

I sat upon the narrow deck
As through the waves my small ship swam,
Ever watchful for the speck
Of Ithaca through storm and calm.

A thousand leagues were not enough
To find the land where my love lay;
Ten thousand leagues were but the proof
Of all my lips might never say.

Around the world uncounted times
With moaning mast and sighing sail
I voyaged while Sirens sang sweet hymns
To me — and all to no avail:

And all to no avail for I
Was too enamoured of the sea,
And of my search for Ithaca
Where lay my love, Penelope.

E. E. C.

POEMS

GRESSION

Take back these TRUTHS,
These disillusionments.
Take back these unbeliefs
And send me hence
To a gingerbread palace
At state expense
Or down a rabbit-hole with Alice
To a world that makes some sense.

N. H.

The following letter by Mr. Stuart Ryan, President of the Kingston branch of the Ontario John Howard Society, appeared in the letters column of the Kingston Whig-Standard on December 21, 1961. It is a reply to a letter by the Reverend Good, printed in the same column the previous week, criticizing the relaxing of custody by modern standards of penology.

P E N O L O G Y :

R E P L Y and C H A L L E N G E

Sir:

The letter written by Rev. Mr. Good which you printed on December 15th should not go unanswered.

The citizen, whether cleric or layman, who stands on the sidelines and complains of the so-called stench of politics condemns himself. If he does not like the odour, he should enter the arena and join in clearing it up. He will find, if he does so, that politics is on the whole a great deal cleaner than he thought it was.

The policy of our penal service requires political decisions of the highest order and involves consequences of great importance not only to body politic but to society in all its aspects and to every person who as a Christian or other professor of a religion or as a humanitarian feels concern for his fellow men. To live in society, we must have laws. Since we are men and women and not automatons, some of us contravene those laws. How should we deal with them?

Mr. Good will no doubt agree with me that we must avoid cruel treatment, because such conduct not only tends to brutalize those on whom it is inflicted, but also degrades those who inflict it and degrades as well those who authorize it, that is, ourselves.

My experience in observing the operation of our penal institutions, very limited though it is, has satisfied me that the deliberate infliction of cruelty is not a part of the system. In fact, the avoidance of cruelty is taught, and,

I believe, practised by the authorities and staffs of those institutions. Mr. Good, however, appears to believe that there is unintended cruelty in the new regime arising from the relaxation of custody in medium and minimum security institutions.

No rational person will urge that all those who commit crimes should be either killed or imprisoned for life. We must therefore expect that most offenders will return to society as free men after undergoing their punishments. It follows that those punishments should be designed to make the offenders better men and women in the hope that they will not commit other crimes.

Close confinement and strict discipline have been extensively employed in treatment of criminals for many years and have been proved to have great faults. Close confinement tends to destroy the humanity of a prisoner and to convert him into a stall-fed animal. Strict discipline tends to cause decay of the capacity for self-reliance and for acceptance of responsibility and to reduce the prisoner to a state of moral and volitional dependence in which he has lost the ability to make judgments and decisions for himself.

Either of those methods of treatment involves the probability of impairing rather than improving the capacity of the prisoner to take his place as an independent well-behaved member of society on his release. Any punishment tends to cause resentment in the of-

fender. Excessive punishment aggravates that resentment and leaves it like an ulcer in his emotional consciousness after its conclusion. We should therefore seek to impose on the offender no more than that degree of restraint and discipline that will improve him. If, in our desire to protect society from him while he is undergoing punishment we go farther than that necessary degree we run the risk of defeating our long-range purpose of protecting society because we thus make it more rather than less likely that he will commit other crimes after completion of his punishment.

This means that close confinement and strict discipline should be used only in handling those persons who are so actively dangerous that they cannot be otherwise handled, and only so long as they are in that state. Others should be treated with these varying degrees of security and the discipline, whether medium or minimum, that the members of the staffs of our penal institutions responsible for their custody and treatment consider most appropriate for each of them.

Ideally, it should be possible to put each inmate in his proper class without error, but assessment of the human personality is one of the most difficult tasks that can be found, even with all the aids that science now affords us. A few persons placed in medium or minimum security will escape. Often, as Mr. Good suggests, the motive for escape will be instinctive or emotional. Most escapers will be at large only a short time. A few will give themselves up. Others will feel relief on being recaptured. Not all these escapes will be the result of error in classification. Some escapers, on being returned to custody, will be better prospects for rehabilitation than they were before. Escapes of this kind are a risk that must be taken if we are to seek in our treatment of prisoners any hope of correction. So far, experience indicates that they do

not result in injury or harm in the neighbourhood.

I would be interested to learn how the John Howard and Elizabeth Fry Societies found their way into Mr. Good's letter but, since he has brought them in, I should refer to them. The two societies are independent, voluntary societies devoted to work with inmates and ex-inmates of our penal institutions. They try, by association with the inmate, to help him or her in preparing himself or herself for release and for life "on the street".

There may be some people who do not know how necessary that preparation is for many inmates. Release without it may be disastrous. The societies try also to help individuals through many difficulties and disappointments of gradual release, parole and post-discharge adjustment. They try to help ex-inmates to overcome the prejudice against them felt by many of their fellow-citizens, of which, on his part, I hope Mr. Good's letter is not evidence.

The societies approve, in general, the trend of recent changes in the organization of the system and methods of treatment of inmates of penitentiaries, of classification and segregation, of gradual release and parole. They have publicly advocated several of these reforms and they continue to advocate others. In this sense, they are not ashamed but proud to be involved in politics, and would welcome assistance from Mr. Good and all other Christians and all men of good will.

The goals and methods of operation of both societies will be gladly explained to Mr. Good, in complete detail, on request. Once he understands them, I can believe that, as a Christian, he cannot fail to approve of them.

Yours sincerely,
Stuart Ryan,
President,
John Howard Society
Kingston

The Letter

T. Cunningham

In retrospect, it was like any other noon hour in jail. The head-count had been taken and the barred grille was locked. We were, as was usual at noon hours, sitting around Ghosty's bed cutting up jackpots and trying hard not to look towards the grille, through which we expected the guard to come with the mail. The topic of the moment was girls, as was usual at noon hours. We were keeping our voices low so as not to disturb the noon-hour-sleepers and pretending, each in his own way that we weren't waiting for the mail at all. For the moment, Al held the floor and he was expounding a very profound theory.

"Chicks," he said, leaning back in his chair and putting his feet on Ghosty's bed, "appreciate lots of attention. They respond to it."

Pushing Al's feet off the bed, with no thought to ceremony, Ghosty said, "Yeah. But there's such a thing as giving them too much attention. They dig the cave-man bit once in awhile too."

"Some of them maybe," Al said, putting his stockinged feet back on the bed beside Ghosty's head. "But most of them dig having car doors opened for them and that kind of jazz. I'm far more effective with the gentle approach."



"Not me," Ghosty said, inadvertently touching the bottom of Al's foot with his cigarette. "I give them Burt Lancaster and they love me for it. What do you think, Tombo?"

Knowing it wouldn't matter too much what I thought, I ventured to impart a word of wisdom anyway.

"Well," I said, "I think it's a matter of attitude. If you don't care whether a chick lives or dies, she'll knock herself out trying to make you care. I'm most successful when I'm indifferent."

The relief guard came just then, before I had a chance to issue another

pearl, bringing the mail with him. He dropped the bundle noisily on the desk at the front of the dormitory. We sat looking at each other, ignoring the healthy thwacking sound it made.

For some reason it's a little embarrassing to go up to the desk and fan through a bundle of letters, only to find there is none for you. If you do get trapped this way, the only thing you can do to save face is to make some kind of rib about your girl having diversified interests, and take the rest of the mail around the dormitory. It's an uncomfortable feeling to be caught out in the open, as it were, and most guys try to avoid it. The result is that the mail sits on the desk for fifteen minutes sometimes before anyone screws up enough courage to see who the letters are for.

That day we outwaited Al. Squaring his shoulders, he went to the desk and sorted through the letters. Neither Ghosty nor I were among the fortunate, but Al was and I saw him breathe a sigh of relief. While Ghosty and I lied to each other about how little mail mattered in the scheme of things, Al dispersed it.

After doing his duty, he came back to the bed and announced, with an air of superiority, that his letter was from Johnny Wilson. Now, John is one of those guys who, for some obscure reason, gave up running with us and went the square route. What he gave up is a matter of opinion, his and mine. He met and married a nice girl and they have a son. The only contact John has with us anymore is an occasional letter urging us to give his route a try. We all dig John because he's a very hip guy, but his route is just too far removed from ours, or so I thought. The truth came out when Al read part of his letter aloud.

"When are you cats going to get hip?" Al read. "I've got a good thing going for me, wife, kids, the whole bit. There's opportunity in this town for you donkeys if you decide to give it a whirl. If

one of you does decide to carry the bologna-bucket, lay a line on me and I'll straighten things out for a job and a place to live."

"He's quite a guy," Al said when he finished reading.

"Yeah," Ghosty said.

"A swinger," I concurred.

No one said anything else for a few moments, then Ghosty spoke.

"I've already decided to give it a whirl," he said. "I promised Geri I'd get a job and make like a square john when I spring."

"I made my girl a similar promise," Al said.

I couldn't believe my ears. My lush-it-up, chase-the-girls buddies were talking about going square like they were in their right minds.

"What!" I said incredulously. "You guys can't be serious. What about the parties? What about the twist?" And I got up to demonstrate that point. "This letter has flipped both of you."

They just sat and looked at me. I felt like a copper must feel when he walks into the Reliance Club. I was out of place. They hastened to assure me that I was still Old Tombo, buddy, pal, but it went over like a lead balloon.

Al and Ghosty still sit on the latter's bed and wait for the mail at noon hour, but I don't join them anymore. I have to admit I miss the conversation and the ribs, but I make out. Whenever our eyes meet, I look away. The only time we exchange greetings is when we meet on the stairs and it can't be avoided. I've given a lot of thought to what John said in his letter, but whenever it begins to sound good to me, I give myself a shake and put it out of my mind.

It would be nice to get together with Ghosty and Al again. If I did though, there wouldn't be much to talk about. Needless to say, I don't wait for the mail anymore. As a matter of fact, I feel a little bitter towards the postal service. I can't help but feel it took something away from me.



Lloyd Vandel

Here it is the month of April and I'm still being asked where the sports article was in February. Answer; nowhere. Now that I have cleared that up, here's a ride back. Where were the sports in February? To those who thought it might have been an oversight on my part, it wasn't. But I apologize for not making some reference to the inactivity in the February issue.

We are back to floor hockey (for the 3rd or 4th time yet!) The sports picture is a little complicated right now and this writer has difficulty keeping abreast of the current events and innovations. The other evening I went to watch the bodybuilders perform (we finally have the weights included in our winter program) and when I left the gym the basketball stands were on the floor. When I returned, there was a floor hockey game in progress....How about that?

It's hard to believe that the same athletes who copped the floor hockey laurels failed to win *one* basketball game.

FINAL BASKETBALL STANDINGS

Team	Games Played	Total Fouls	Total Points	Lost	Won	Points
A&F	15	113	420	0	15	30
C&G	15	106	389	5	10	20
D&H	15	78	282	10	5	10
B&E	15	136	297	15	0	0

A&F blocks, by virtue of their 15 games won, were declared the Champion Basketballers, while their ace scorer, 6' 5" Freddie Sweet, was crowned League Basket-ter, with 224 points. The Champions were at no time spectacular, but they were better than any other team on the court any time they played. That's all they had to be. Though Sweet, Morrison and Simser weren't the whole team, they were, for the most part, responsible for the superiority displayed. Without team-mates Aylmer, Rodgers, Dumas, Miller and Smokey the Bear though, the team wouldn't be on the throne.

Congratulations to the Champions for their perfect record, and to all the other teams who made it possible.

Is there a relationship between the point-getter and the bad-man?

BASKETBALL STATISTICS

Top 10 Scorers				Top 5 Badmen (Most Fouls)			
Sweet	(A&F)	—	224 Points	Sweet	—	27	Fouls
Hillman	(C&G)	—	131 "	Morrison	—	24	"
Faywell	(D&H)	—	91 "	Knight	—	22	"
Kerr	(B&E)	—	75 "	Hucker	—	21	"
Morrison	(A&F)	—	71 "	Rodgers	—	20	"
Mayes	(B&E)	—	68 "	Smokey the Bear???			
Knight	(C&G)	—	53 "				
Barrington	(C&G)	—	49 "				
Robinson	(D&H)	—	46 "				
Simser	(A&F)	—	42 "				

All Star Basketball saw Toronto's Osgoode Owls defeat the K.P. Misfits by a 49 to 44 score. This was an excellent game and the Misfits were surprisingly good. Headed by Sweet's 26 points, this team came close to winning (they led at one point) when no one thought they could even come close. If the Misfits had played a game together, prior to this tilt, they might have made it more interesting.

The Owls are a third place intermediate team and though they lacked the sporadic confusion of the 'Fits,' we did have them in trouble on occasion. They tried, without success, to thwart our ace, but they did the next best thing, they kept potting baskets themselves. S. Fireman looked to be the best for the Owls and I certainly take G. Smith for my team. In fact, I would take the whole team of S. Forbes, E. K. Wier, S. Drebin, P. Jarvis, R. Richmond and D. Organeven their director, coach, manager and referee, B. D. Brown, R. S. Gray, T. McGrenere and J. Winch. The Misfits; Sweet, Parson, Walkinshaw, Alymar, Knight, Gardiner (that's Big Joe), Rogers, Morrison, Newman, Miller, Snvder and manager Dan Yule said, "We knew the Owls were comprised of law students. We may need them someday so we didn't try too hard to beat them for fear we might offend."

We all extend our thanks to the Osgoode Owls in appreciation of the long trip they made to give us a grand time. May they return in the near future.

Since the addition of 500 lbs. of new weights in the spacious hall to the gym, much muscular activity can be seen six evenings of the week. The initial drawbacks are there, but it's a start. Permission was granted along with the stipulation that there be no heavy lifting. If one takes a look at the pulverized condition of the lifting platform in the outside 'pit' the logic of this stipulation speaks for itself. Recalcitrance shouldn't be met because essentially our lifters are bodybuilders, thus eliminating the use of tremendous weight.

With a 220 lb. clean and jerk, seventeen-yr.-old 80?? establishes himself as K.P.'s strongest in this lift. Though 220 lbs. may be incidental to an accomplished lifter, it is something when the individual is a novice and it is 57% greater than his body weight.

Mickey Held is at present unchallenged in snatching power and beautiful form, but Cromier with his squat style (Mick splits) will give him keen competition this summer.

If you military press more than Henry La Blanc, then you're the finest in this department. (Henry is responsible for the many convenient lifting facilities in the 'pit.') *I didn't see it.* but Tony Gardiner tells me that a few weeks ago, in front of witnesses, none of which can be found, he pressed 220 lbs... Wow!

Have you seen a 160 lb. two arm curl? This claim is Normie Jacob's. I don't doubt it with those 17" arms. I've seen him train with 140 lbs. in this exercise. Strong chest, shoulders and arms are a must to better his 300 lb. mark in the bench press.

Contrary to popular belief, massively developed biceps are not a true indication of overall strength. Biceps are 1/10 as strong as the strongest muscle in the body. But they are pleasing to the eye. The bodybuilder concentrates a great deal on them. Successful arm development is responsible for the fine bodies of: Jacobs, Held, Thomas, Berger, Kingdon, Beland, McClarity, Verdun, Hines, Simser and 'Smokey the Bear.' If the old timers don't shortly get into some serious training, they'll be surpassed by the relative newcomers to our 'pit.' Rapid progression is noted with Ashwood, Vaters, Rogers, Cooper, Mayes, Baker, Sadie, Hoffman, Brasseau and Smith. If Latta, Handy, Richmond, Binie, Mac, Joe Gardiner or T. Gardiner tell you that they don't work out, don't believe them. They all work out on the sneak.

The promised dual handball court (yes the promised one) should soon, rather, ought to be underway. They're starting to line up out there already.



DO YOU REMEMBER?

Red McKillop belted *two* consecutive home runs over the south wall in a Saint game, in the same inning; Grant Morgan ran the mile in 428 flat; in a Saint game the visiting short-stop made a spectacular, unassisted, triple play; Athlete of the Day was 45 year old Jack Evans; refreshments stands etc. were constructed in the yard on Labor Day; Wally Johnston hammered a homer *over* the south-east tower; Andy Anderson went over the *uprights* in the pole vault; Bobby Titchner and Bobby Thibault gave us *two* stand up fights?

I remember most of these, but one incident (though not to do with sports). I'm sure none of us will remember. This has to do with the late seventy-two-year-old Mike Ohara — 43 years *solid*. One day, while on a visit to the kitchen, Mike indignantly bemoaned the fact that he had five days good time forfeited for chewing tobacco in 1919. Now, that's going back. Another thing none of us will soon forget is Gus Constantine's seasonal fielding average of 1000!

We would like to take this opportunity to thank the anonymous party who donated thirty dollars to the welfare fund. While here on a visit, he left the money that made the bingo game on field day possible.

So as soon as I grab the fights next week, catch the baseball in the spring, and note the election results, I'll see you in May.



Vandal's Scandal's

Kathy Vandal

Now that the warmer weather is with us, our minds are filled with thoughts of the coming summer months — baseball and nice dark tans (we hope).

LAUNDRY LINES: Nicki and I are out scouting for a couple of gin players. We promise they won't get sixteen games up on us! (Tell us Wing, does the Rose Tattoo go with the cup o' coffee?) All the laundry gals miss Elsie who is in the hospital and we all wish her a speedy recovery. The ironing room is quite active since the gals have gone on an exercising kick. (It's a little hard on the leg muscles, eh Eileen?) To top it all Rita recites poetry all day as she irons. Who else but Omar!

KITCHEN KAPERS: Hazel back from the front mess and busily making like a Chief Kook. Loraine McG can be found humming "A Little Bitty Tear" (my how that song does travel) as she and Jean G help out in the pastry department. To the sorrow of the weight-watchers, results are yummy. Jackie back from the hospital giving them instructions.

THE SEWING ROOM is active as always, turning out countless numbers of shirts, etc. We also had a preview of what our new dresses are going to be like. New style, new colors, new material, very nice indeed. The button hole corner is where you'll find most of our new gals, like Blanche, Suzie and Barb.

ON THE SCHOOL SCENE: I wandered through the halls of learning long enough to find out that all the clatter from the typing room proves that some first class secretaries are being turned out. Our Chris is wearing a proud smile these days as her speed climbs, climbs, climbs. Sue E and Mary R grab this month's medal for being the hardest workers. The courses these two manage to wrap up — Wow! Saw Tedy filling reams of paper with weird little wiggles that she later informed me were shorthand outlines. Say hey, Kitty Foyle!

ITEM: Woke Jacquie up to find out that it's not true she sleeps eighteen hours a day. She laid her theory on the decline of Oriental culture on me and I quote, "It was caused by the stress of wondering who is number one concubine this week."

Because our surroundings have no accommodations for an Easter Parade and the modelling of the traditional spring bonnet so important to women, some of our gals are settling for the latest hair style and color. One of the sharpest seen around lately was little Barb E, when she appeared in a symphony of mauve — hair, dress and sweater.

TV's top vote of the past month goes out to the Judy Garland spectacular. In our opinion that gal is nothing short of being the greatest of all singers. Even after Sweden's win of 5 to 3 over our Canadian team, the gals here are still hoping to see our country's team come through and win the World's Championship. And did you hear Vince "Dr. Casey" Edwards sing on the Dinah Shore Show? Terrific — Terrific Terrific.

On The Bias



J. S. B.

A sharp decline in the number of immigrants arriving from Europe during 1961 has caused the federal government to do a little soul searching. Canada has always enjoyed a position second only to that of the United States among the shifting populace of Europe. There must be a reason for this sudden loss of popularity.

As a good Canadian citizen, I considered it a duty and a privilege to lend a hand in this matter of national interest. After an intense study of the immigration field in general and several immigrants in particular, I am happy to say that the problem has been solved. The results of my study, I am presenting to the government as a public service. I only ask to be reimbursed for my traveling expenses.

ATTENTION C.B.C.

As soon as the immigrant has landed he becomes a landed immigrant. (It is important to know government terminology.) A landed immigrant is

expected to establish himself, learn the language, become familiar with the laws and get a job immediately. After acquiring a smattering of the language most of them turn to radio and television for the finishing touches. Long hours before a TV set produces a definite if not a desirable result. Canadian television will have to accept full responsibility for Canadian unpopularity abroad.

The newcomer is in many cases a young fellow with a lively interest in girls. As he becomes familiar with the language and other customs he expects to become familiar with some Canadian girls but this is not to be. As he absorbs the language from the TV screen he automatically receives the television impression of North American girls. — Ugh!

According to the sponsors there are only two kinds of girls. Those with dry skins and the ones with oily skins. Both of these undesirable types may be seen on the screen, plastering their faces with gobs of goo. After the treatment they look quite glamorous but who would want them when he knows what they really look like.

Then there is the hair. Apparently no girl would be seen in public with her hair natural. It must be shampooed by a product bearing the proper brand name. If the hair is straight it must be waved — there is a product for that. If it is wavy it must be straightened — there is a product for that. And the color — nobody, but nobody has naturally colored hair. The hair must be dyed to match the costume or the car or maybe the boy-friend's suit.

The greatest disillusionment of all comes when he sees a squat, dumpy sort of female waddle onto the scene. She retires behind a screen and ties down the offending avoidrupois in a foundation garment called a two-way stretch. And lo — she emerges with a silhouette like a Coca-Cola bottle. How deceitful can they get! This is the Canadian girl? Who wants em!

Thoroughly disgusted with the deceitful ways of the opposite sex, the

New Canadian decides to concentrate on other facets of the native culture. A study of the cigarette advertisements is quite rewarding.

Canadians it seems, do not smoke cigarettes — they eat them. Every commercial concentrates on the taste of the cigarette. This seems reasonable enough to the European who is accustomed to smoking. He knows that smoking is pleasant, relaxing and habit forming because the tobacco contains a narcotic called nicotine. In Canadian cigarettes the nicotine is removed to improve the taste. The tars are removed to improve the taste. Then the tobacco is removed and replaced by a filter. Mmm taste's good!

To complete the process of disillusionment, the student of Canadiana decides to try his hand at shopping a la TV. He journeys to the nearest store and in quite passable English he asks for some Yellow Pages. The clerk, understandably confused, asks, "What are ya — some kind of a nut?"

Saddened and frustrated the immigrant turns to his own ethnic group for comfort and the newspapers immediately censure him for being clanish and refusing to adopt Canadian customs.

Canadian television is at fault for the decline in immigration and something should be done about it. My suggestion, for what it is worth, is that the Board of Broadcast Governors should be compelled to partake of a steady diet of 55% Canadian content television. The punishment is admittedly brutal, but because of its brutality rapid results are a certainty.

Don't forget my expenses.

A QUOTE FOR THE ROAD:

"The man who refuses to bow to habit, tradition or law, who thinks for himself, who evolves new theories, who has the courage of his convictions and stakes his life and liberty upon them — that man is a statesman, a prophet or a criminal."

Getting Around With Lou



HOTTEST TALK IN TOWN: New time deal, which gets everybody out earlier, welcomed here as of April Fool's Day (Further comments reserved)... So why doesn't the canteen sell bubble gum too?... And I want my slingshot... Hats off to A & F basketball bests; to Freddy Sweet, scoring champ... Protestant-Catholic chapels missioned week of Feb. 19-23; accompanied The Wop to an R.C. session (Interested onlookers)... Our Show played Feb. 24; Don Antone, starry trumpet; Buzz Dickson tot all howta Twist; bouquet to Dave 'Rosie of Chorus Line' Vailliant, from partners Tony, Lefty... Read what's what at Rhythm Room... Big Item!! Blind Jake Hoff finally paroled after 29 yrs. plus, Mar. 7... Osgoode Owls (Toronto) beat K.P. Misfits 49-44 in Mar. 11 b.b. ex... Transfers: George Watson, Mike Berthiaume, Alec O'Niel, Ben Corcoran, Terry Crockett, B.B.J. Dodge, crossed Bay — Bill Cooper, Eddie Gore, Moose McDonald, Ghosty, went Ville. Patsy Perry returned... Welcome home (Ugh): Gerry Leblanc, Wally Hewson, Red Milne, Bobby Greer, Arnold Montford, Gerry Sullivan, Bev Lacey Ernie Long and Junior 'One Day' Martin. By Miller greeting brother Kenny.

Easter Cards 'n Regards: Ike Crellian special to Sally; George Hlusiak to Norma & Kids; Stan Jones to Margaret; Stan Edwards to Joanie; Donnie C. to Serita, to Ted, Thelma & Kids; Raymond Gauthier to Sue, Rita, to Slim, Emily, to Lorraine, Marie, and Jules Legace, Pierre Reeves; Ray Bengle to Phyllis, Mom and Dad; Phil special to The Raven; Danny Warwyck to Eddie & Michael, to Mom & Dad, to Ronnie T.; Al Dilbey to Aira, Ann; Tommy Gordon to Gloria, Darlene & Janice; Buckles to Bev; Jim Richards to Jean; Red Milne to Irene; Marcel Potvin to Margaret and Barbara; O.H.M. to O.H.W.; Art Seth to Loretta, baby Michelle, to Jack, Shirley, Debbie; Orval Ross special to Mary; Ray Burns to Margo; Ghosty Cardonna to Geri; Don Antone to Jeanne; Joe Gardiner to Edythe, Matt & Joey; Alex Hudyma to Bev; Gus Behrens to Barb; John Sholtanuk to Olga; John Hebert to Cecile; By Miller to Vi; Adrian Chicoine to Linda; Gerry Gibson to Kelly Lee; Ronnie Tucker to Mom, Dorothy; Joe Warnholz to Anne Mae; Mike Mazurko to Terri; To Mom & Dad, Tommy, Ronnie & Families from Eddie Knox & Joe Sullivan; Bob McAvoy to Janet; Dick Roseman to Elvina & Children; Bobby Titchner to Sally, Little One; The Gypsy to Blue Bear Rug. Keep feet off table!); J.J. Smith to Corrine—Al, Donnie, Gerry, Lloyd, Jim, Don, Stan, Willie, Bobby, to Debbie, Marcelle, Shirley, Kathy, Nicki, Eileen, Chickie, Linda, Lorrie, all others... Kenny Burns to Eddie, Billy V., Jim M., Mike K., Bill A., Ed M., Don B., Wallie F., Vessie, Stan, Gordie, rest of West Coast Mob; John Roy to Huguette L., to Casey, Jacques Laplante, M. Poirier, to Leo Servant; Marcel Hudon to Maurice & Roland P., Li-Gi, Roger, Casey & Jacques, to Leo S.; Big Jacques to All The Boys at Westmorland; Andre Aubin to Gerry Larocque, George St. Amant; To Gaston Martel from Sweeney; Frank Cote to Guy Forest, Armand Auger, Farouk, Frank Raimond, Sam Samson, Pete Stepanoff; John Fox, Tiger McCullough to Gerry Caissey; Fred Laporte, Ronnie Henderson, to Don Kelly; Midge Pallister to Ron; Baldy to cousin Ray; H. Leclair to Norm Blakeman, John Cole, to Harry Abbot; Titch 'n Teebo, Roy, John A, Bobby V, all friends, to Alec Wilson, plus Dixie special; Rick to Ken Kosslack, Ron Parry; Harold to Maizie; Roy J. to Christine; Roy M. to Peggy; Tuffy Woods to Helen.

Book Discussion Group, a Jim Stokes project (And a good one) commenced recently. John Bigelow and Roy Henderson were selected for secretarial duties. Don Dawson, Grant Morgan, Ed Sadick, Bill Enever, Norm Hogenson, Herb Burke, Lloyd Vandal, Gerry Shatford and Roger Morin are other members. Natch man, the purpose is to cut up good books and their authors! But that Aristotle-Nietzsche-Machiavelli trio stopped me dead. Much success to these readers' most worthy endeavor. I'm reading *A Walk On The Wild Side* so I'm going barefooty...G block betty brigade: Bobby Stuart, Les Young, Pete Chollette, Baldy H., Red Knight, etc...Geerz didn't dig Ian Rosenberg poetry nohow...Palmer, Abe, Andy, Gibby drove John Murray to work change (Poor little guy!)...Whoz Marmaduke? None other than Joe Gardiner!...Dennis 'Mennis' Barrington, printery to t.s.; Little Blimp's fault...Art A. linotyping under Bass, Herb tutelage...Rick Goulet teaching Paul Waters press op...Get Ronnie Taggart to give you his taffy recipe! Ho, ho... 'Mean Little Kid' McKillop can't make A.A. — he drinks too much...Somebody goofed: Bobby Dowdy, finishing 10 yrs., got a parole eligibility slip dated for Dec. 5 this year. His discharge day, without new deal, is Oct. 26, this year.

Wouldn't you say Pat McKenzie is entitled to a Long-Meritorious Service In The Hole award, and/or pension?...Bob McKnight joined weightlifters Henry Leblanc, Mickey Heald, Bobby Vaters & Co...Louie Pernokis is strongest in house, I'm told...Georgie Powell, Harry Hancox, Steve Czupor, John Hay, e.c.b. cleaners...The Editor, Roy Boziak, Stewy Anderson, Jim Beland, bridging — Ronnie T., Inky, Champ, Teebo, too...John Gough giving Spike Hand neck massage in m.b.'s...Roseman, new dome super; Al Primeau, kitchen C...D.A. about Bill Hutton, Best 88er here...Chuck Gray, Herb Handy, checker battles, intensive...Marcel Potvin reports 'bowls breakup' of Patsy Perry-Mike Mazurko duo, latter went farmer...Phil Simser'll join farm gang soon's he learns country...F block report: Machine Shop Sam sure misses Joe!...Sign at 12-1-A: Snow's Costume Jewellery. Vic's biz...Lookit Leonard, whaddaya mean Gus Behrens is a crier?...Tony, Janet split broke up Billy Rope...Mike McCaullick, Marcel St. Pierre, feuding...Bobby MacBeth prefers The Platters discs...Sailor Edmunds, Joe Kikola, convalescing...Billy Mac Isaac (C.B. sports ed.) motored over for ends mends. Hang T. Regards to all...Billy Miller, Emery Gratton, Sid Burke, among hosp. help...Genial gent: Orval Ross, at hosp. wagon, always the same...Eddie Phelan, Buddy Johnston, Benny Reid routine, pay no attention.

Bon Voyage: Stan Jones, John Ashwood (Planing over 'ome, by request), Bill Thurston, Jim Fournier, Bruce Walkenshaw, Champ Champagne — Bobby Fenton (J)...Ernie Dupuis, music dorm return; Nick Rusnak, Joe Pro, I dunno...Brazeau's card reads: Everything I like is either Illegal, Immoral or Oriental (No parole)...Chinese Sandy is a doll...J.D. left b.r.'s to Bobby C., Herbie, Ricky, Ralph L. Abe; Alec O. to all Windsors...Chuck D. welcoming Tony Ratz; Spike ditto Skip Davison...Dean Pelton went east, other a.m...Cliff Bell makes snazzee wallets...All cheered John Glenn, Judy spec, Gordie 500th...Detroit Tigers motto: All the way through in '62 — Manhattan mads, please note...Freddie Laporte insists an Everly brother came in (You o.k., Fred?)...GL: Corey's Calderwood Clan departed for Petawawa via C.B.; Ron McCann, 7 down in 4 Heart bid, double, vulnerable, before leaving. Ugha, ugha...Top Agent reports Mr. K. hahazz free world's to-the-moon talk — he partees there on week-ends...Stewy Anderson joined 'Scope staff...Late stuff: Sports Committee acclimated Mar. 16. Buddy Johnston, Herb Handy, John Fox, John Roy, Tony Gardiner. Alternated: Kenny Burns. Luck!...Marrying Sam, appendix mending...J.C. & Torcheel!...Dave Crockett (to Bay) H. Apr. 27 B. to Florence; L. to A., happy M4; Bob 'n Sal named him Robt. Edward (7 lbs. 9½ ozs). A 1980 Champion.

storehouse in the subconscious, the analyst reasons, comes the psychological content that manifests itself as psychological maladjustment, the source and nature of which the patient is unaware.

When the psychoanalyst becomes a criminologist, he must continue to explain in terms of *what he knows*. Be-

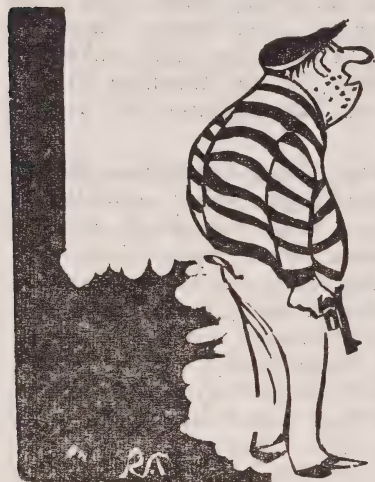
is in the traditional legal and moral way: by their works ye shall know them.

Many psychoanalysts, having failed to distinguish criminals and non-criminals at the elementary level of classification, nevertheless went on to explain criminality. While the structure of his methods and assumptions are beyond the range of experimental examination, the consequences of the psychoanalyst's procedures and hypotheses, when extended to cover events in the real world, can be examined. When we do extend them, we find the psychoanalyst's assumptions most inadequate.

One psychoanalytical explanation of criminality is as follows. The criminal, as a child, acquired an Oedipus complex, a mother-fixation, with attendant hatred of the father image, inspired by jealousy. He submerged this hatred into the subconscious mind. In later life he subconsciously transferred his hatred of the father image to the social authority. When he violates the law, that is his purpose, to violate the law, his subconscious motive being "to get even with the old man."

The above, as a logical construct, is internally consistent. But when we extend its application to facts in the real world, it is of little or no value as an explanation of crime. If one's purpose when he breaks the law is simply to break the law, his subconscious motive being to get even with the old man, why does the subconscious mind, nine times out of ten, choose to steal as a method of breaking the law?

And if we accepted the notion that people who acquire property and money illegally do so just to get even with the old man, how could we account for the conduct of people who retain property and money by legal right? Do they obey the law permitting them to retain their property and money simply as a favour to the old man? If not, why do they keep their money and property? Just to uphold the law, irrespective of the wishes of the old man?



fore he can begin to explain, however, he must first describe what he is going to explain. His very first step must be to distinguish criminals from non-criminals. Since his logical construct has only one entrance into the real world, through the effect end, he must make his classifications at this end, and demonstrate that criminals are psychologically maladjusted and that non-criminals are not. He cannot begin to *explain* the difference until he *finds* the difference. If by his procedures he cannot identify what is a criminal and what is not, he has no distinct effect, and therefore nothing to relate to his postulated cause and process.

Now the fact is that, though many have tried, no one has ever succeeded in separating criminals and non-criminals at the elementary level of classification. The only way they have ever been clearly distinguished at this level

No. It is just as legal to give away money and property, every last penny and every last acre, as it is to retain them. Yet very few people take advantage of their legal, and moral, right to give everything away. The vast majority show instead a very strong preference for fulfilling their other legal and moral right, to retain everything. It is evident therefore that their purposes and motives are entirely independent of the law and the old man. And since their activities are but the opposite side of the human coin, it is also evident that people who attempt to or do acquire money or property, by whatever means, also have purposes and motives that are independent of the law and the old man.

Unable to distinguish criminals from non-criminals at the level of classification, many authorities have by-passed the problem in a different way than by simply ignoring it. Instead of creating their own constructs or hypotheses to explain criminality, these authorities employ the moralist's long established classifications of "good" and "evil," and the law's classifications of "criminal" and "non-criminal." The explanatory principles are inherent in the classifications. These authorities do not, however, accept the social classification and explanations as they stand, but rather they bring the terminologies from their own fields and employ them to cover moral and legal content. Having made this question-begging shift, they employ as *constant*, the values, customs and laws of their given society. Their standard of the abnormal is that *conduct* which deviates from the social *constant*.

The following is an example of this procedure. Says this authority, an exponent of the mental-illness hypothesis to explain criminality:

"A mentally healthy person is one who customarily faces life's realities at the proper time and in a socially approved way." As negative aspects of this proposition he cites as evidences of mental ill health a multitude of sins

and crimes. I shall develop only the positive aspects of the proposition, with the negative aspects being implied throughout.

Life's realities are often unpleasant, and this authority means to tell us that if we are mentally healthy we shall have the courage to face these realities in spite of their unpleasantness. To face them at the proper time it is imperative that we have knowledge of what is the proper time. To face these realities in a socially approved way requires that we obey the dictates of law and custom, for that is the socially approved way.

To restate the proposition in simpler terms, then, the mentally healthy person is courageous, has knowledge, and is obedient. The Greeks classified courage and knowledge as virtues, and the Hebrews made obedience the principal virtue. Somewhere in the Old Testament, I do not recall exactly where, it is stated that "The end of the law is obedience."

What this authority on crime has actually done is attempt to blend Greek and Hebrew values, which are incompatible. Many cultures of the Western world have been trying for a long time to blend Greek and Hebrew values. The reason this is such a problem is that the Greek ethic required that one govern himself according to inner principles, among them courage and knowledge; while the Hebrew ethic required that one conduct himself according to the will of God, an external authority.

The values *knowledge*, *courage* and *obedience* do not necessarily go hand in hand. No moralist has ever accused the Devil of lacking knowledge or courage. Yet he is the greatest moral symbol of disobedience. I think that, in the final analysis, our authority's proposition reduces to the following equations: Mental health equals obedience. Mental ill-health equals disobedience.

This is not an isolated instance but a typical example of how many of to-

day's authorities explain criminality. The method is quite evidently a "socially approved way" of explaining criminality, but it is not a very practical way to explain anything.

It is possible to illustrate the inadequacy of the explanations of crime advanced by any of today's authorities. Suffice it now to point out that criminologists themselves, *some of them*, that is, have been and are the most severe and best qualified critics of the procedures and assumptions of criminologists in general. In 1919 Dr. Mercier, British prison psychiatrist, wrote:

"With the exception of logic, there is no subject on which so much nonsense has been written as this of criminality and the criminal. The books are extremely numerous and of vast bulk, but we arise from their perusal dazed and stunned by the clamour of assertions of the wildest and most improbable character, advanced without proof and with scarcely any evidence worthy of the name."

Have there been any changes in the last thirty years? In 1959 a criminologist, writing on the subject of criminological theories and procedures, concluded that "The total result has been that criminology is without parallel in the behavioural sciences for the sheer prevalence of invalidated ideas over positive knowledge... It is almost as if

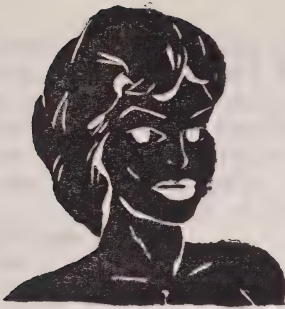
criminology, in trying to become a science, had threatened to destroy itself as a body of knowledge."

It may well be that no one will ever succeed in explaining criminality in any scientific way. In any event, there is little likelihood of it at present. All specialized fields, from which criminologists come, are still in their analytical phases, and the members of each profession probably still have more to learn than they already know about their own disciplines. Still, a great many people have tried and a great many more are still trying to explain criminals. So it is that there are a great many inadequate explanations for the general public to choose from. Since they choose their explanations in about the same manner as the authorities advance them, without evidence of an objective nature, their choice evidently depends largely upon their subjective inclinations of the moment. This is the way women choose their hats.

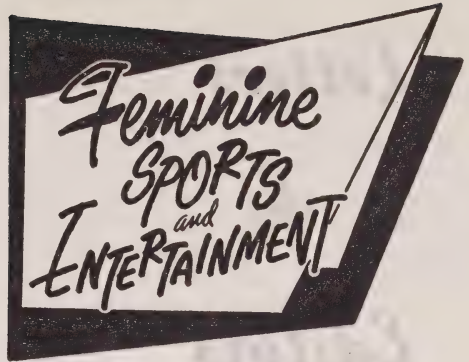
My favourite explanation of crime is the one advanced by Lord Goddard, retired Lord Chief Justice of England. Said he: "The age-old causes of crime are always with us. They are the desire for easy money, greed, passion, lust and cruelty." I also like Machiavelli's description of the other side of the human coin: "The fear to lose stirs the same passions in men as the desire to gain."

CENSUS

Received during month	116	Discharged	25
Transferred during months	96	Escaped	0
Died	0	At large	1
Total remaining	942	Paroled	1



Tedy Fryer



SPORTS COVERAGE is rapidly becoming a passive thing. Perhaps a social column covering the latest tea parties and masqued balls would be on the 'in' side this season.

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN is catching on in outside local sports circles and Kingston's CKWS No-Star Hockey Team is heading all rosters of good sports by participating in exhibition games. The proceeds are donated to the Gerry Tinlin Child-Across-The-Sea plan. To my mind this indicates a large amount of heart — not that the No-Stars are serious contenders for the Stanley Cup competition, but it is certainly creditable.

STANLEY CUP REFERENCE reminds us that the big race will be on soon. The stout of heart (and winning smokers) will be in business again, anchored firmly in the front row chairs at TV. Then there are the middle and back rows for youngsters who haven't yet developed such keen interest in the game. But in another season or two they will be entrants in the 100-yard dash for the listening and viewing area.

THE SCENE of amateur hockey being played at Colorado Springs has created more than mild interest hereabouts. The Sweden-Canada game viewed at this International Tournament was one of the best games throughout the entire season.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MEETS once more in action for local bibliophiles. The Book Discussion Group

which has been rather dormant for some months is now being held regularly under the leadership of E. Fry member, Mrs. Judge. Dropped in on a meeting last week and became engrossed in a many-faceted discussion — on politics, of all things.

ROCK AND ROLL enthusiasts are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Roger Ryan band. We have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Ryan and his group in the past and enjoyed them thoroughly. He has a motto that you music lovers might dig: 'Have Charts — Will Travel.'

ACTIVE SPORTS may be at a low ebb at the moment, but many nooks and crannies throughout durance vile are found to contain assorted Bridge and Canasta players. Anyone who cares to relax in a good game of Chess should call Claire. Occasionally she will put her guitar aside long enough to indulge the whim of an expert. One of my co-writers won a game from Claire the other evening by what she terms "brilliant strategy." In contrast to that statement, however, Chessmaster Claire claims it was dumb luck and nothing more.

FURTHER to the Flotsam and Jetsam mention of Editor John Norris of *Coda Magazine* and his journey to this fair town to visit the Prison for Men: Being firm believers in equality for women, we are sitting back with fingers crossed in hopes that he will be able to bring us his illustrated talk on Jazz.

Letters

to the

Editors

Dear Editors;

A friend gave me his copy of *Telescope*. After having read it through I decided that it was well worth a dollar. How you can put it out for a dollar at all is really amazing. I once had the honor of being appointed editor of my college magazine (not half so sophisticated as *Telescope*, by the way) and am therefore familiar with the problems of editing a small monthly.

If your problems are anything like mine were, you have many people, both readers and non-readers alike, whose criticism is readier than their praise and who, although unable to compose the simplest sentence correctly, or spell the most commonplace words, are willing to tell you what to write and how to write. Alas, the world is full of such detractors.

I know as an editor at school every drop of praise or approbation was oh, so sweet and encouragement to carry on in the face of the fault-finders.

Actually, I think your magazine is quite good, both in variety and quality. Of course, being a penal magazine, *Telescope* has its characteristic flavor and tone. This is what lends it distinction.

Your editorials take second place to none I know of, even in professional publications. Your articles are well-written and some of the poetry shows genuine integrity. I have sent for a year's subscription and am looking forward to it.

Yours sincerely,
Mellinda Castle,
Revelstoke, B.C.

Dear Sir:

I subscribed to your magazine on the suggestion of a friend. I'm very glad I did so. Though my knowledge of penology is scant, my interest in the subject is not. *Telescope* (I received my first copy two weeks ago) has enlightened me on aspects of prison I never knew existed.

I shall be graduating from university next year and entering the field of psychology. The area of prison psychology is a new vista, opened to me by your magazine.

Looking forward with interest to future issues of *Telescope*,

Harold Phillips
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Editor:

I don't like complaining because I know you boys have it hard to make the *Telescope* come out on time. Though I don't like complaining, I must because I have one that is bothering me. I get January magazine in January from every magazine except *Telescope*, it comes along in February and it's not very interesting reading about one month when it's already gone by. Aside from this complaint which I felt I had to give, I like the *Telescope*. It has good stories in it.

James Porter
Galt, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:

This morning a neighbor drew my attention to several interesting articles in your September magazine.

I am nearly eighty years young now. I have been confined to my bed most of the time for some years. I cannot write very much so I will send you some reading matter. You will perhaps get a big surprise when you see the heading on one pamphlet: 'Global Paradise Now Near.' Another is, "After Armageddon, God's New World."

Best wishes,
Mrs. Warren,
Lachute, P.Q.

Dear Editorial Board;

The article about penal colonies was quite thought-provoking. Obviously Mr. Cunningham has his eye on the future. And he may turn out to be a prophet. I liked most of the Feb. issue and thought for once I would avail myself of the space in your letters-to-the-editor column, that is if you care to print this. My husband and I are both fans of *Telescope* although he prefers the more serious penological articles and the editorials. I like more human pieces, such as penal colonies and the December story of the adoption by the men there of an orphan child.

We look forward to each issue and I just thought I would like to write and say how much we like your magazine.

Yours sincerely
Mrs. Violet Wilson
Chatham, Ont.

Gentlemen:

I read a lot of high-sounding words about rehabilitation and aftercare but the figures on recidivism do not seem to be changing.

What actually is being done to ensure the public that men released from prison are afforded some sort of gainful employment so that they will not begin to rob and steal again, and again become wards of the government at the tax-payer's expense?

G. Walinski
Ottawa.

Dear Sirs;

I received my latest issue of *Telescope* and enjoyed it very much. I especially liked the article about the family who visited the husband in December. It was a heart-touching experience to read of those children and their father. Certainly this man will have something to work toward when he gets out.

I like the poetry too and never miss it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. George Terril
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:

I have read *Telescope* for some time and enjoy it very much, especially the articles. I pass them along to friends after reading them.

If possible, could you send me the back copy that had the article on Blind Jake? I am working at the C.N.I.F. D.B. and they are interested in his welfare. I was telling them about him and they want to see if they can do anything for him.

Thank you very much.

George Maxam
Toronto
(See editorial, the eds.)

segment entitled Down Home Blues with Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee you know why we think it's the swingingest.

After reading methods of computing remission under the new act in various penal publications, we herewith lay on you the Flotsam and Jetsam theory. It has been demonstrated that it is difficult to find an answer to this question, but if we were pressed for an answer we would say that, so far as we can see, taking it rather by and large, taking one time with another, and taking the average, the probability is, on the balance as a whole, that there would not be found to be very much in it either way.

Overheard whilst wandering. "I said I would and that's final until I change my mind."

Spent an enjoyable hour recently interviewing John Norris, Editor of Coda, Canada's only Jazz magazine. Extremely interesting man to talk with and we got caught up on the latest happenings on the jazz scene. If anyone wants to take us out we have a list of some coffee houses. Like forty-three bean types!

After reading about the emotional impact that Judy Garland had on an audience, we were inclined to be a trifle sceptical that this was so. After viewing her triumphant return to TV we now know what they mean. Norm Jewison directed this vehicle and proved that with talent like Miss Garland, Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, elaborated stage design really isn't necessary.

Dorothy Kilgallen tells us the latest quote of Anita Ekberg's about dressing in colors that reflect her various moods. Like in black she feels temperamental. Poor kid, we sympathize — we've been known to be high-strung, nervous and somewhat theatrical in limestone gray ourselves.

Our apologies if we sound a trifle vague this moth, but another girlish illusion has been shattered - we just found out that there isn't an Easter Bunny. Later....

Flotsam

and

Jetsam

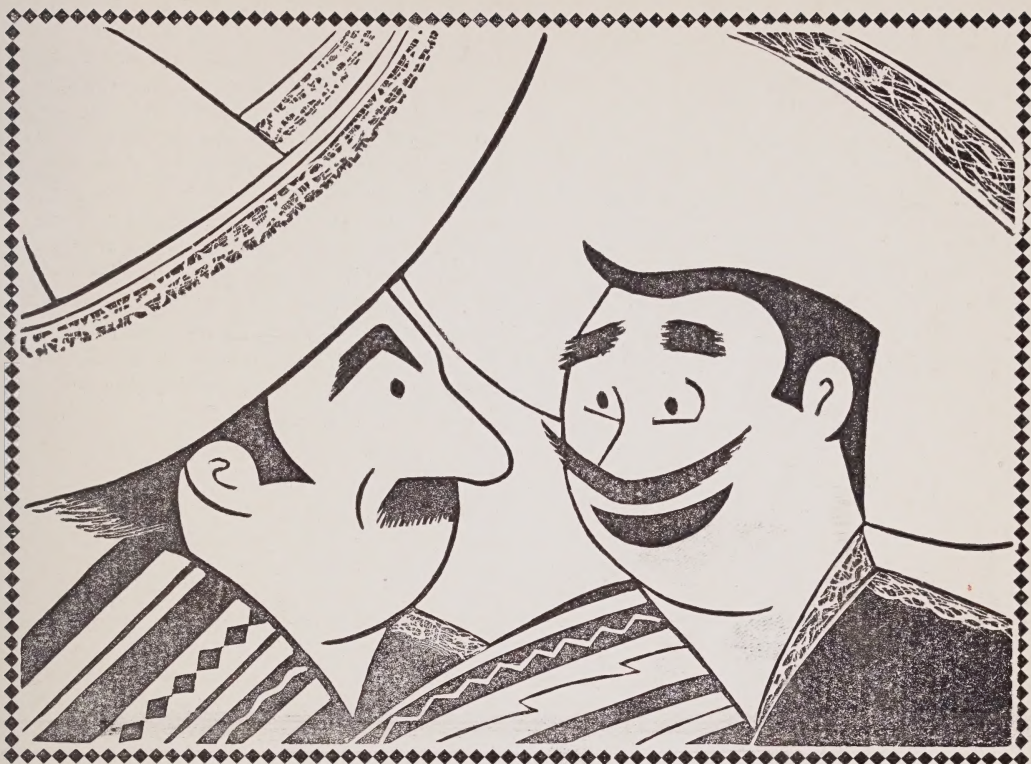
Jetsam & Flotsam

Spring cometh and so doth income tax! To all of you who are in a quandry over income tax returns and what not - we pass along this quote from Italy's billionaire Enrico Mattei: "After the first million, it's only paper." Just what we've always said ourselves as we cut coupons - like green stamp coupons.

On the flick scene the Long Hot Summer brightened up the long cold winter considerably. Only complaint, with the number of Paul Newman fans hereabouts, the dialogue was overpowered by sighs. Being the self-contained types we restrained ourselves to the occasional stamping of feet.

Glen Gracefully Gains Global Gratitude. John Glenn's orbital shot will be long remembered as a magnificent achievement. History is being made in a wonderful age.....and we told Orville it would never fly.

Here we go again touting Q for Quest. No doubt by now you're getting a trifle bored with our ravings regarding this television show, but if you caught the



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